

• the Macedonian's young career! Could Pharsalia compensate for those withering pangs? View the obscure Napoleon, starving in the streets of Paris! What was St. Helena **to** the bitterness of such existence? The visions of past glory might illumine even that dark imprisonment; but to be conscious that his supernatural energies might die away without creating their miracles •—can the wheel, or the rack rival the torture of such a suspicion? Lo! Byron, bending o'er M.S. shattered lyre, with inspiration in his very rage. And tte pert taunt could sting even this child of light! To doubt of the truth of the creed in which you have been nurtured, is not so terrific as to doubt respecting the intellectual vigour on whose strength you have staked your happiness.¹

Or in this apostrophe to Ms father: —

Oh, my father! . . . our friendship is a hallowed joy:-----
it is my pride, and let it be thy solace. O'er the waters that cannot part our souls, I breathe good wishes. Peace brood, o'er thy lettered bowers, and Love smile in the cheerful hall, that I shall not forget upon the swift Symplegades, or where warm Syria, with its palmy shore, recalls our holy ancestry!²

Or, even in spite of the dithyrambs, in the following¹ outburst of patriotism : —

Oh, England! Oh, my country — although full many an Eastern clime and Southern race have given me something of their burning blood, it flows for thee! I rejoice that my flying fathers threw their ancient seed on the stern shores which they have not dishonoured: — I am proud to be thy child. Thy noble laws have fed with freedom a soul that ill can brook constraint. Among thy hallowed hearths, I own most beautiful affections. In thy abounding tongue, my thoughts find music; and with the haughty fortunes of thy realm, my destiny would mingle! . . . Few can love thee better than he who traces here these idle lines. Worthier heads are working for thy glory and thy good; but if ever the hour shall call, my brain and life are thine.³

In lighter vein, he laughs, as he was always ready to do, at his own faults and foibles : —

I sometimes think I write a pretty style, though spoiled, by that confounded puppyism; but, then, mine is the puppy